

## THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

## "THE DIAMONDS"

By J. S. FLETCHER

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## CHAPTER XXX (Continued).

"HAT, Finney?" exclaimed Miss Driscoll. "Is the world coming to an end?"

"But there, I don't believe that Finney would have murdered anybody. He was the softest hearted, most sentimental, good creature I ever knew."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Finney never had any legal title to the diamonds. Miss Driscoll said Octavius, therefore you never had. The necklace has passed through many hands since it left mine, and it has been the source of many foul deeds, but I will now prove to you. Give me the necklace, Inspector, if you please."

Davidson handed the necklace over. Sir Octavius, possessing himself of the Inspector's blotting pad, laid the necklace lengthwise across it, with the diamonds face downward. He placed an elegant forefinger on a sort of medalion in the center of the gold work in which the stones were set.

"Now observe," said he, "although this poor ornament has passed through many hands, I will venture to swear, has found out the secret of the medalion, which was wrought by a cunning worker in metal (a Hindu) look!"

Sir Octavius pressed his finger on the side of the medalion—a lid flew up and revealed a cavity, wherein was packed a tiny roll of yellowish parchment.

"Observe me, Inspector," said Sir Octavius, "by taking out that little parchment and reading what is written upon it."

Davidson picked the bit of parchment out with a pin, unrolled it and gazed at the writing traced upon it. It was larger than he had expected, and the writing was most minute, but so clear that he would easily read it, and the Inspector presently read out:

"This necklet of sixty-three stones was given to Octavius Burke by the Maharajah of Dahleerrie, Hindustan, in return for a valuable service."

"Now, Miss Driscoll," continued Sir Octavius, "I think that settles the question of ownership. That, and certain facts which I have been able to put before them, have satisfied the authorities here, at any rate, and the necklace is acknowledged to be mine, and my property. Is not that so, Inspector?"

"It is, Sir Octavius," the necklace is undoubtedly yours," replied Davidson.

"In that case," said Sir Octavius, "I will put it in my pocket and proceed to tell you how I came to lose it, how I have been endeavoring to trace it, and how at last I have been enabled to supply a missing link in my chain of evidence by reading the extraordinary narrative in the Irish Times this morning."

"Ah," said Miss Driscoll. "So you read it, did you?"

"I read it, madam, over a cup of tea in bed at 8 o'clock," replied Sir Octavius. "And by 9 o'clock I was in this office. I had had time to read it, and of you, Miss Driscoll, though it really wouldn't have mattered if you had six of me. But now for my story."

Sir Octavius settled himself in his chair, folded his arms across his tightly buttoned frock coat and commenced the following:

"It is scarcely necessary," he said, looking around upon Miss Driscoll, Miss Leary, and Davidson, "to tell you how and why it was that the Maharajah of Dahleerrie—a most beautiful and deeply interesting woman—presented me with the diamond necklace which, like Helen of Troy, has been the cause of so much trouble and sorrow. I am, however, of course, of a very different nature."

"It is sufficient to say that I stood high—very high indeed—in her esteem, and I may say, her favor, and she wished with all the magnificence of the Oriental to reward me in the most substantial manner. Her reward was the necklace of diamonds which at last has come back to me in the way in which the diamonds were lost."

"When I quitted India after a long, and I think I may say, distinguished career, I sailed from Bombay on the Brahmapootra. I carried the diamond necklace with me as a matter of course, for I had view of disposing of it in Europe rather than in India."

"You may remember, possibly, some of you, that the Brahmapootra went to pieces on a hidden reef on the north coast of Africa, and that many of her passengers and crew were lost. I was one of the survivors. My life was saved, but my diamond necklace was lost. How or at what moment it was stolen from me I have not been able to make out—all that I know is that it was stolen about the time that trouble came to the Brahmapootra."

"I never heard anything of my necklace again, as you very well conceive, and for five years I gave up all hope of ever recovering it. Then a strange thing happened. The newspapers ran for several days with startling accounts of a series of sensational murders in the southwest of England, round about Plymouth and Dartmoor."

"I read them out of mere curiosity. What happened was this: A pawnbroker, Aaron Joseph, well-known in Plymouth, was found strangled in his back parlor. A Hindu, known to some of the seagoing fraternity in Plymouth and Devonport as Lal Dass, was found stabbed through the heart in a low lodging house. A seaman named John Lindsay was found in a hut on Dartmoor half burnt but recognizable, though his skull had been battered almost to pieces. He had been strangled, and near him lay a heap of convict clothes."

"At the same time an escaped convict from Dartmoor, one Stefano Vassalli, was shot dead by a pursuing party of warders, and he was found to be wearing Lindsay's clothes. Then a third shot Vassalli—warders named Lloyd and Hollins. Within a few hours of Vassalli's death, Lindsay and Hollins were shot to the spot, and Hollins murdered Lloyd by dashing out his brains with a stone and buried the body in a crevice in the rocks. After that, Hollins disappeared, and from that day to this he has never been heard from."

"Now, I began to see some chance of tracing my diamonds. I had a list of the names of every man, woman, or child, passenger or crew, on the Brahmapootra, and I put it in this way: that in some fashion or other Vassalli, when shot by the warders, was in possession of the necklace; that Lloyd and Hollins found it on him; that Hollins murdered Lloyd for the sake of it."

"The thing was to find Hollins—but Hollins could not be found. He had vanished as completely as if he had evaporated into thin air. I did all that I could to trace him, but my efforts were without the least result. He had been a soldier and hailed originally from Castelford, in Yorkshire, and to Castelford after some time we went. But nothing had been seen or heard of Hollins in Castelford for years. All trace of him was lost."

"I gave up active measures then, but I kept my eyes on the papers, for one finds clues there when one least expects them. I found nothing until this morning. When I saw the article in the Irish Times I came immediately to Inspector Davidson and found out that the necklace was undoubtedly mine and where the missing link in the chain of evidence lay."

"He told me, Miss Driscoll, that you had come from Castelford with the necklace—Castelford, the place where we could not find a trace of Hollins, but with which we knew he had the clue to his birth—and that he had been left to you by a man named Finney, who carried on various professions, and among them that of money-lender. And there I saw through the whole scene."

"It may all be wrong; it may be only theory, but this is what I think really happened: Hollins did murder Lloyd for the sake of the diamonds which they had found on Vassalli, and he did contrive to get to Castelford, to Finney, whom he probably knew before, and whom he was very likely a friend as well as a money-lender. And I conceive that Finney killed him, as he had killed Lloyd, for the sake of the diamonds. That was the missing link I wanted. What has happened to the diamonds since you know as well as I."

"You'll excuse me, Sir Octavius," said Inspector Davidson as the baronet shook hands with him, "but what are you going to do with those diamonds?"

"Permit me," he said, "to escort Miss O'Leary and myself back to Kingston. This long story has wearied you."

"Miss Driscoll felt that there was more behind this than there seemed to be on the surface," he and Miss O'Leary rose obediently.

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## President Taft Sends Out Invitations For Reception on Monday Afternoon

Affair at White House in Honor of Hygiene Delegates.

Miss Therese Iselin Weds I. B. Laughlin

Miss Anna V. Shepherd Becomes Bride of J. A. Fletcher, Jr.

The President has sent out invitations for a reception for Monday afternoon, September 23, at 3 o'clock.

This event, which will be in honor of the delegates to the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography, is the third which has been given at the White House this month.

If the weather permits, the guests will be received on the lawn, as at the former ones.

The Russian Ambassador and Mme. Bakhmeteff and Mme. Vassiliev, wife of the naval attaché of the embassy, have returned to Newport from Washington.

Mrs. Morris Evans and her daughter, Miss Meta Evans, who have spent the last few weeks visiting on Long Island, have returned to Washington to prepare for going abroad early next month.

Mrs. Evans and her daughter spent the early summer in the Virginia mountains, and expect to spend most of the winter in Switzerland.

Mrs. Burnham, widow of Major Burnham, who spent the summer at the various resorts, has returned to her apartment in the Parkwood.

Mrs. Brooke, wife of Capt. Mark Brooke, U. S. A., and their daughter, Miss Hattie Brooke, have returned to Washington from Buena Vista, Pa., where they spent the summer. Captain and Mrs. Brooke have given up their home at Buena Vista, and will spend this winter with Mrs. Brooke's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gunnell, in Twenty-first street.

John L. Glimoux of the Swiss legation, has as his guest William Marsteller, who recently arrived in Washington from Kentucky. On Saturday night he will go to New York, from where they will sail within a fortnight for Geneva, Switzerland.

The charge d'affaires of Switzerland, Henry Martin, who has been abroad, will arrive in New York Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson have arrived in Washington from Newport, R. I., where they spent the summer.

A wedding of much interest to Washington society took place today at noon in New Rochelle, N. Y., when Miss Therese Iselin, daughter of Adrian Iselin, was married to Irwin B. Laughlin, son of the late Major George M. Laughlin, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Laughlin, who is first secretary of the American Embassy at Berlin, is well known in Washington, having been connected with the State Department for several years previous to the time he entered the Diplomatic service. He is also a relative of the late husband of Mrs. Thomas K. Laughlin, of Pittsburgh, sister of Mrs. Taft.

A special train for the New York guests left the Grand Central station at 11:30 and about a hundred taxicabs were chartered to convey the guests to the station to the Iselin country home at Davenport Neck. Many of the guests arrived in their private yachts. Mr. Laughlin and his bride will sail for Europe early in October. During the absence of the ambassador, Mr. Laughlin, who expects to spend the autumn in America, Mr. Laughlin will be charge d'affaires of the embassy.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Woodward, of Washington, have as their guest the Rev. Samuel H. Greene, of Washington, at their cottage at Lenox, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gerry Johnson, who spent part of the summer at the Curtis Hotel at Lenox, have returned to Washington.

The marriage of Miss Sadie Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, to John Russell Pope will take place October 11 at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones at Ardee, near Wilmington, N. C. The engagement of Miss Jones and Mr. Pope was announced recently in Newport, where Miss Jones has spent the summer with her parents.

The "at home" arranged by Mildred C. Erskine for tomorrow afternoon, from 4 to 6 o'clock at the Confederate Memorial home, in Vermont avenue northwest, promises to be one of the brilliant juvenile social functions of the season. The affair is to be under the auspices of the women of the local chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through whose efforts the children's organization was formed recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hayne announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Letha May Hayne, to William J. Erskine. The wedding took place this morning at 9:30 o'clock in the apartment of the bride's parents in the Rev. C. E. Rutz officiating in the presence of a number of relatives and a few intimate friends.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by her sister, who was unmarried. She wore a dark blue serge suit with a hat of the same shade and carried a bouquet of white roses.

Immediately after the wedding ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Erskine left Washington for Atlantic City. After October 1st they will be at home at 918 Fifth street northeast.

An informal reunion will be held this evening by the members of the Washington Chapter of Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity at their house, 1502 Vermont avenue.

Mrs. R. N. Williams, of 434 Park road, was hostess at a linen shower last evening in honor of Miss Laura Schneider, whose marriage to Raymond Smith will take place Tuesday, September 24.

A musical program was given during the evening. Quantities of pink and white flowers adorned the house for the occasion.

Miss Anna Rees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rees, will be married to Edward L. Roberts of Washington, this evening at 8 o'clock, at the home of her parents at Fair Haven, Vt. The Rev. John R. Williams will perform the wedding ceremony.

The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will have as her attendants Miss Anna Williams, as maid of honor, and Miss Margaret Griffith, as flower girl.

John E. Roberts, of West Llewellyn, Vt., will be the best man for Mr. Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will reside in West Llewellyn. A pocket edition, in limp leather, of Dickens is \$18.75; twenty volumes, \$12.75.

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## FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

## The Sandman's Stories

WHY MOLES WEAR FUR.

IF YOU have ever been in the country in summer, you have seen in the fields the tiny animal called a mole.

It is about the size of a fat mouse, is blind, wears a fur coat as soft as seal skin, and lives in the earth, in which it makes long tunnels. Working always in the dark, the mole has no need of eyes at all.

But once there was no mole in the world. That was a long time ago, before your great-great-grandfather was born, and when all the animals were not here that you see now. And the way they started was this: Far up in the frozen North in the land of ice and snow, there lived two children, girls, whose parents were dead. The larger one, who was named Oglio, was a very selfish person and would always take all the best things for herself.

The next day Oglio began to prepare for a feast which all the people of the Far North observed. While Una cooked and cleaned, the older girl combed her hair and dressed in all the ornaments she had. When she was all ready to set out for the feast, she saw that the feast was held she called Una to her and said:

"Help me to put on that lovely fur robe the man gave us yesterday."

"So Una threw the soft, beautiful fur skin over her big sister's shoulders. Then a strange thing happened."

The bad, selfish Oglio began to shiver up and down, and the skin stuck to her so she could not tear it off. Smaller and smaller she became till she was no larger than a fat mouse. Just then the stranger in the white fur stepped in at the door of the hut.

"So you are meeting the punishment you deserve for your selfishness," he said. "You shall be a tiny animal clothed in beautiful fur all your life; you shall burrow in the earth for your living and never more see out of your greedy eyes."

So Oglio ran out of the door, a tiny blind mole, and lived all down the years in this way in all the lands of the world. But the stranger in white fur married Una, and they lived happily in their Northern home for many, many years.

Tomorrow: "Wanda's Race."

"Jersey Lily" Is Coming.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—With three maidens and twenty trunks, the latter packed from bottom to lid with the latest creations in French gowns and millinery, Lady de Bathe, the famous actress, who is better known under her former name of Lily Langtrunk, is expected to arrive in New York today.

She is under contract for a twenty weeks' tour of the United States this winter, and she declares positively it will be her last professional visit.

Friends of John W. Sheetz, of 105 Rhode Island avenue, are expressing surprise today over the marriage of the young man in Philadelphia yesterday to Miss Harriet L. Smith, of that city.

Sheetz is twenty-five years old, and has acted as secretary to various members of Congress. His bride is eighteen years of age.

Wedding Surprises Friend

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## FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

## What Is Seen in The Shops

Some of the bargains in dining room furniture, quoted by the house furnishing store at Eleventh and F streets, offer a solid mahogany extension table for \$28.

This table has a solid pedestal, square feet, and beautiful finish; in fact, the only undesirable feature is, that there are only two of them left. Twenty-eight dollars, however, is not the lowest price at which dining room tables may be had, for in one instance tables marked at \$40 are reduced to \$25.

China cases and sideboards are reduced proportionately, a \$47 sideboard being marked at \$30, and a \$46 china case at \$31.

Men are adversely critical of women's fashions, and do not hesitate, in verbal or picture story, to speak with lightness and the jesting word about some sartorial creation over which, perhaps, some poor woman has spent all of her brains and pin money. Do they ever stop to think that the same appearance in a lady chosen headgear? Why will the short, fat man wear a hat several sizes too small, which greasy shopkeepers fold him into thinking will make him look tall? Why does the man of thirty-five, who is really young, dress in a highly ludicrous manner of young men, and surrounded with a horrid foreboding shape and out of line, pride himself on the fact that he doesn't look like a sport? Be assured that there is a happy medium, and after getting one's husband into a pleasant frame of mind, the next thing to do is to see that he goes to the proper establishments, where he will find a haberdasher's shop at the corner of Eleventh and F streets has not only hats made by

standard firms, in all styles, for \$3 and \$5, but has what is more important, the man best, whether he be fat or lean, old or young, or just naturally possessed of a mean disposition.

There are some occasions when the much-abused (from the standpoint of color) narrow silk petticoat, with the invaluable pleated ruffle, is not only unnecessary, but noxious, and if the woman who wishes to be well dressed would only remember the long neglected white petticoat, her costume would often be improved by the lack of a brilliant corset or emerald